

the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. How can we know God or how can we know what His will is concerning us unless we read and study His Word. Exercise is conducive to health and without it no child can arrive at maturity. This law will hold good in the spiritual as well as physical life. Hence if you wish to become a strong, healthy Christian be active. Let your motto be *work*. There is a work for you and a work for me, something for each of us to do. God in his infinite wisdom has arranged matters so that there is a special work for each of his children and you, brother, can not do my work, neither can I do yours. Therefore if I fail to fill the mission He assigned me it will not be accomplished. You have all the work you can do, no matter how long you live. "Work out your soul's salvation with fear and trembling for the day cometh when no man can work."

Our habits have much to do in shaping our lives. One of the most potent factors in Christ's life was that he lived in harmony with the Father's will. He says he came to do the Father's will. This gave him peace. If we want our lives merged into the Christ life we must do as he did. Are we willing to do as he wants us to do, go where he wants us to go, say what he wants us to say. Then Christ will be all and in all and our lives will not be a blank but will be fruitful. Some one will be blessed thru your life.

God our Father has an abundant supply of food for the soul. I have only referred to a few things that will be helpful on that line. I believe Christ procured for us a full, complete, perfect salvation and if our lives are hid in Christ we shall step by step go on until we reach or attain to the degree of perfection referred to in Eph. 4:13, 15, also Heb. 13:20, 21. Lord help us so to do.

Los Angeles, Cal.

LOOK UP

GEORGE C. CARPENTER

This is the time of year when wrinkles are easily formed, when frowns are plentiful, when cross words freely flow, when many are so tired and discouraged, when almost every person you meet greets you in a downcast voice with "How hot it is!" or "Oh! it is so dusty, I wish it would rain." But why let circumstances rule? Why should we let our cheerful natures be darkened and subdued by our environment? Why dear Christian, why not look above these material surroundings to Him who still loves us and ever watches over us. Why not look to Him who clothes the lily and feeds the raven and who will much less suffer one of his children to want.

Is it part of God's purpose that we should be discontented? Is it part of his purpose that we should worry and fret? For an answer, turn to God's Word; find John 14:27 and Rom. 8:28, and mark those verses. Read them again and again. Be sure to remember these words, "Let not your heart be

troubled." Again we are admonished to be of good cheer and to rejoice and be glad all way.

How much better to encourage those we meet with a smile and a kind word. How much better to encourage than to discourage. If a friend has helped you, tell him. In that way inspire him to greater deeds of usefulness. Say to him, "Go on and on," while in your heart you utter a secret prayer. What an opportunity for service for young and old.

Can we not have full confidence in God? Contentment is a Christian virtue. Contentment is a golden crown that all may wear. 'Tis "decked with diamonds," yet seldom enjoyed by kings. 'Tis sought by many; but often wrongly sought. Look up! "Nought but God can satisfy the soul."

Contentment can rear a garden in a desert waste. It can overcome the thorny bushes and make sweet flowers to blossom and bloom. These can soothe the weary hearts and teach them of God the giver.

Look up! the stars still shine. Night with its serene heaven is still beautiful. Yonder glorious moon ever rolls on. Days come and go. Yea, and our God is on his throne.

Look up and nature will smile on you. Look up and the glory of the starry heavens will inspire you. Look up and your friends will look the same way. Look up and God the Eternal Father, the life and light of all this wondrous world, will lighten your burdens, will make life sweeter, because sorrows will then result in blessing, and to serve will be a pleasure. Love, joy, peace and happiness will intermingle. O Look up.

The Home

Home, Sweet Home

KATHERINE S. OLDS

I mind me long ago, one winter's day
I had been wand'ring o'er a long, long way,
And as the evening's dark began to come,
I turned my thoughts and weary feet towards home.

As I drew near that blessed resting-place,
Within the door I saw my father's face,
With loving look and smile of welcome sweet,
The worn and weary wanderer to greet.

Within the window beamed a friendly light,
Which made the way at every step more bright:
And well I knew that when I reached that door,
All weariness and pain would soon be o'er.

So now, when evening to my life hath come,
And, tired and worn, I turn towards my home,
Watching for me, I see the Father's face
To bid me welcome to my resting place.

Across my way there shines a blessed light,
That guides me onward thru the darkening night;
And now no fear to me can ever come,
For yonder is my home—my own "Sweet Home."

—The Living Church.

There are two ways of beginning the day
—with prayer and without it. You begin the day in one of these ways. Which?—Selected.

How Jenny Lind First Played

Selected.

When Jennie Lind was very young, her mother kept a school for girls. There was in the house a piano on which the pupils practiced. Our Boys and Girls tells us how one day, when Jennie thot herself alone in the house, she crept timidly to the piano, and reaching up her mite of a hand, strumming with one fingure, she played for herself a bugle fanfare to which she loved to listen.

But she was not alone in the house; her grandmother was in an adjoining room. "Amelia!" she called, thinking it was the older sister. At the sound of the voice, the little musician, frightened at the thought of being found out, hid herself under the big, square piano.

"Amelia!" called the grandmother again, but as there was no answer, she came into the room. Chancing to look under the piano, she discovered the shrinking little figure. "Child, was that you?" she asked in great astonishment, as she pulled her out from her hiding place.

The baby, her blue eyes brimming with tears at what she thought her crime, confessed that it was. But the reproof she had expected did not come; instead, the grandmother looked at her in a surprised silence that deeply impressed the child, and when her mother came back she told her of the music she had heard, and the baby fingers that had made it.

A Beautiful Shine

Selected

One day not long ago I had my boots polished while I waited in a barber's shop. The boy that polished the boots was almost as black as his own shining shoe polish. He was about thirteen years of age, and while his garments were old and faded and patched, he was clean.

"Polish yo' boots, sah?" he asked, when I sat down and took up a paper.

I looked down at my dusty boots, and as I knew that they would be covered with dust again ten minutes after I had left the shop, I was a little undecided as to whether I would have them polished or not. I concluded that I would do so, when the bright-eyed boy said:

"I'll do a good job, sah; I'll shine'em up jess fine."

"Now let us see if you do," I said laughingly as I sat down in his chair.

He went to work with a will. Such rubbing and brushing and polishing as he did! The first boot had, it seemed to me, reached the very highest degree of perfection and the boy was still at work on it when I said:

"There I think that will do."

The boy stopped rubbing for a minute, twisted his head to one side, viewed the shoe critically and said:

"I kin mek' hit shine more'n that."

Then he breathed on the shoe, moistened